As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne.
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of prai
Nothing but curious pleaſ
Sorrow were euer rackt, an
Could neuer be her milde
You Gods that made me n
That haue enflam'd deſire
To taſte the fruite of yon c
(Or die in the aduenture) b
As I am ſonne and ſeruant t
To compaſſe ſuch a bondle

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonn

Anti. Before thee ſtands
With golden fruite, but da
For death like Dragons he
Her face like heauen, entice
Her countleſſe glory, whic
And which without deſert
Preſumes to reach, all the
Yon ſometimes famous Pri
Drawne by report, aduentu
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe
That without couering, ſa
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſ
And with dead cheekes ad
For going on dearhs net, w

Per. Antiochus I thanke t
My fraile mortality to kno
And by thoſe fearefull obi
This body, like to them, to
For death remembred, ſho
Who tels vs, life's but brea
Ile make my will then, and
Who know the world, ſee
Gripe not at earthly ioyes,
So I bequeathe a happy pe
And all good men, as euery

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH